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FAY'S.

PRICES ON WINTER OVERCOATS, SUITS AND SWEATERS REDUCED TO PRICES THAT SELL EVERY TIME IF YOU ARE INTERESTED. COME IN AND LET US SAVE YOU MONEY ON CLOTHING. WINTER GOODS MUST GO TO MAKE ROOM FOR SPRING GOODS. BARGAINS IN BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

W. H. FAY.

GREAT SLAUGHTER SALE.

We have cut our goods to the lowest possible prices for first quality goods. Call and get them while they last. You will not be able to get them again as such prices as Shoes this Spring will be 50 to 75 cents higher.

Open Monday, Wednesday and Saturday Evenings.

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THOMAS R. SANDFORD, THE TAILOR,

22 Daniel St., Britton's Express Office, Tel. 58-2.

Bring your last Summer's Clothing now and have it put in order for future use. "A stitch in time saves nine." The price will be right and the work satisfactory. Send postal card and messenger will call for and deliver.

New Spring and Summer Goods Now in Stock.

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SIGNAL MAIL BOXES

For Rural Mail Service --- Prices \$1.50, \$2.25 and \$2 75 Each.

THESE ARE THE ONLY MAIL BOXES APPROVED BY THE U. S. POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

A. P. Wendell & Co.,

2 MARKET SQUARE.

D. P. PENDEXTER,

Carpenter And Builder

CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH REPAIRING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
JOBING A SPECIALTY. ESTIMATES AND PLANS FURNISHED.

D. P. Pendexter, - - - 13 Hanover St

FACE OF SPRING

Is Sought By Detective Sargent

WHO SEEKS, IF POSSIBLE, TO IDENTIFY BANDIT

Mr. Sargent Talks With Representative Of This Paper

SPRING HANDLED HIS GUN LIKE A BORN WESTERNER

DETECTIVE SARGENT AND CLAIM AGENT GEORGE OF THE BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD WERE IN THIS CITY ON WEDNESDAY, CALLED HERE BY BUSINESS IN CONNECTION WITH THE TRAGIC EVENTS OF LAST SATURDAY. ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL OBJECTS OF THEIR VISIT WAS TO SECURE, IF POSSIBLE, A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MYSTERIOUS PRISONER IN PORTSMOUTH JAIL, WHO IS CALLED DICK SPRING.

Knew How To Handle A Gun

In conversation with a representative of this paper, Mr. Sargent expressed the opinion that Spring is no ordinary man. Young as he is, the stranger has undoubtedly had a wide experience.

"He handled his revolver like one skilled in the use of a gun," said Mr. Sargent. "He threw it straight out from his shoulder when he fired and pulled the trigger the instant the weapon reached a level. There was no stopping to take aim. I suppose that I really am fortunate to be alive, as he said. Perhaps, if his gun had been in good condition, he would, at least, have winged me.

Counted The Shots

"Spring had a heavy revolver, of the sort used by Westerners. I understand that he claims to have at one time worked on a ranch in one of the Dakotas and he handled his weapon very much in the manner of a ranchman. I figured that he had five shots in his revolver, as most guns the size of his carry that number of cartridges, so I counted the shots as he fired. My plan was to close in as soon as I thought his revolver was empty and pounce upon him before he could reload. We caught up with him sooner than I had anticipated, however I counted only three shots, but he claims to have fired four.

Revolver Went Wrong

"I returned his fire, of course, and discharged three bullets at him. One, I think, hit him, grazing his leg. He was running as he fired. I was in a sleigh and was gaining upon him rapidly. He, at last, ran over a low bank and when I again caught sight of him he was working at his revolver. When I jumped from the sleigh and ran up over the bank, he threw the weapon away and fell backward. 'I'm all in,' he said.

Struck The Trail Late

"It was about twelve o'clock when I really struck the trail. It lacked ten minutes of that hour when I engaged a horse and sleigh at the home of Mr. Snell in Stratham, with that gentleman as driver. The first I saw of any of the other officers was on the Hampton road, where we overlooked a posse. I did not again encounter any of the other men engaged in the hunt until just before we captured Spring. There were, I remember, four Dover officers in a large sleigh drawn by two horses and some Exeter and Portsmouth police.

"While we were following the trail we met a man emerging from the woods and asked him if he had seen anything of the fugitive. He replied in the negative. A little later we overlooked a farmer with a load of wood and he told us that he had seen a man running and pointed out the direction of his flight. Not long afterward

we sighted Spring himself. "Spring's track showed that he walked backward part of the chase, as well as those who finally caught the fugitive, deserve a great deal of credit. The men who were not actually concerned in the final capture rendered valuable service by heading the man off and closing avenues of escape."

Praises Others

"All the officers who were in the chase, as well as those who finally caught the fugitive, deserve a great deal of credit. The men who were not actually concerned in the final capture rendered valuable service by heading the man off and closing avenues of escape."

Mr. George Agrees

Mr. George echoed this sentiment. "Certainly," he said, "there can be nothing but praise for the men who followed the bandits all day long like bloodhounds. They displayed both courage and perseverance."

The Fatal Shot

"Conductor Reeves and the other trainmen positively assert that the shot which killed the Italian at Rockingham Junction was fired by Spring," continued Mr. George. "Gouin's bullets, they say, did no harm."

Gallant Horse Dead

"A queer thing," said Mr. Sargent, "is that Mr. Snell's horse, which rendered such faithful service on Saturday, died that night. Whether he was shot by Spring or was driven too far and too fast and died from over-exertion we do not know. An autopsy will determine. My theory is that the gallant animal received a bullet in its body and that death was due to internal hemorrhage. Mr. Snell says that the horse was driven home from the scene of the capture and gave no evidence of exhaustion. The next morning, it was found dead in its stall.

Snell A Hero

"Snell is certainly a brave man. He drove his horse right up to the fleeing man and never winced when the bullets were flying about his ears. No one showed greater courage."

Opinion Of Mr. George

Mr. George is inclined to believe that Spring has operated in New England before. He thinks it more than likely that he was one of the men concerned in the sensational Reading raid. The two Reading officers who were here are positive that Gouin is the man who stood guard over the police the night the yeggmen captured the town. This man was the only one really seen by any of the officers.

Reeves Taken By Surprise

"Conductor Reeves says that the tragic turn of affairs at Rockingham Junction on Saturday took him completely by surprise," said Mr. George. "He anticipated no trouble when he approached the men in the smoking car and thought they were bluffing when they first ordered the passengers and trainmen to throw up their hands. Such things don't often happen hereabouts, you know, and Mr. Reeves is to be pardoned for being taken off his guard."

INDICTED IN DOVER

Gouin And The Unknown Charged With Breaking And Entering

Joseph Gouin and the unknown man confined in Portsmouth jail were indicted on Wednesday in Dover by the Stratford county grand jury for breaking and entering the office of the Luddy-Currier Shoe Company last Friday night. The stranger was indicted under the name of John Doe. The men cannot be tried on the Dover charge until after their trial on the charge for which they are held in this county. Under the statutes, prisoners cannot be removed from jail in one county for trial in another previous to their trial in the county in which they are held. The Dover indictments are merely precautions, in case anything should go wrong in this county. They have no effect until the Rockingham county charge is disposed of by the authorities in one way or another.

A week from today all the flags will fly.

SHIPPING BILL

Passed by the United States Senate

VOTE ON THE MEASURE WAS 38 TO 27

Senator Callinger's Bill Approved By The Upper House

FIVE REPUBLICAN SENATORS VOTED IN THE NEGATIVE

Washington, Feb. 15.—At a few minutes after six o'clock Wednesday the Senate cast its final ballot on the subsidy shipping bill which was passed by a vote of thirty-eight to twenty-seven. All the votes for the bill were by Republican senators and five Republican senators voted with the Democrats in opposition. They were

Messrs. Burlett, Dolliver, La Follette, Spooner and Warner. The vote on the bill was procured by action upon a number of amendments and this by an entire day of debate. The vote in detail was as follows: Yeas—Aldrich, Allen, Allison, Anthony, Brandegee, Burnham, Burrows, Carter, Clark of Wyoming, Crane, Dick, Dryden, Foraker, Frye, Fulton, Gallinger, Gamble, Hale, Hansborough, Hemenway, Heyburn, Hopkin, Kean, Lodge, Long, McCumber, Millard, Nelson, Nixon, Penrose, Perkins, Piles, Platt, Scott, Smoot, Southerland, Warren, Wetmore—thirty-eight. Nays—Bacon, Blackburn, Burkett, Clark of Arkansas, Clay, Daniel, Dolliver, Dubois, Foster, Frazier, Gearlin, La Follette, Latimer, McCreary, McLaurin, Morgan, Newlands, Overman, Patterson, Peck, Rayner, Simmons, Spooner, Stone, Tallaferro, Teller, Warner—twenty-seven.

Many important amendments were accepted, but in only one case was a modification agreed to that was not in accordance with the wishes of the managers of the bill. The exception was on an amendment offered by Mr. Spooner eliminating the provision giving half pay to members of the naval reserve who have served less than six months.

As passed the bill establishes thirteen new contract mail lines and increases the subvention to the Oceanic line running from the Pacific coast to Australasia. Of the thirteen new lines three leave Atlantic coast ports,

one running to Brazil, one to Uruguay and Argentina, and one to South Africa, six from ports on the Gulf of Mexico, embracing one to Brazil, one to Cuba, one to Mexico and three to Central America and the Isthmus of Panama; four from Pacific coast ports, embracing two to Japan, China and the Philippines direct, one to Japan, China and the Philippines via Hawaii, and one to Mexico, Central America and the Isthmus of Panama. The bill also grants a subvention at the rate of \$5 per gross ton per year to cargo vessels engaged in the foreign trade of the United States, and at the rate of \$6.50 per ton to vessels engaged in the Philippine trade, the Philippine coastwise law being postponed until 1909.

Another feature of the bill is that creating a naval reserve force of 10,000 officers and men who are to receive retainers after the British practice. Vessels receiving subsidies are required to carry a certain proportion of naval reserve men among their crews. The aggregate compensation for mail lines is about \$3,000,000 annually. No steam vessel of less than 1000 tons is to receive aid under the bill.

When the shipping bill was disposed of, the statehood bill was made the unfinished business.

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. It cures piles, eczema, any skin itching. All druggists sell it.

GEORGE B. FRENCH CO.

Our February Sale

Includes Some of the Choicest Offerings in Fashionable

Silk Petticoats

AND

Stylish Waists

A bit ahead of the season for late buyers, but all the more desirable for first comers who would obtain exclusive, early productions of merit.

SILK PETTICOATS

OF UP-TO-DATE DESIGNING--IN FACT, WE HAVE NONE BUT THE FASHIONABLE TO OFFER--SEVERAL LOTS THAT VARY IN PRICE.

A Remarkably Attractive One in Soft, Lustrous Silk, shown in Black and also Tinsel Colors 5.00

High Lustre Taffeta Silk Petticoats with Accordion Plaited Flounce, ten inches deep, ample fullness, special price..... 6.50

A Very Artistic Production is Our Silk Petticoat with Shirred Ruffle combined with skilful plaiting, at..... 7.50

Another with 10 Inch Ruffle, Extra Flare and Fullness, the Rustle Taffeta of Rich Finish, a superior article, at..... 8.98

In Tinsel Effect Taffeta, choice selection of shades, we show a high grade of Petticoat Wear, artistic in every detail..... 10.50

In Evening Shades and very select high class wear we offer the Best Silk Petticoat that is shown in the City..... 15.00

WAISTS OF EXCELLENCE

AT A LOW PRICE.

New Styles of Lawn Waists at 98c

Much in advance of last year's styles at..... 1.25

White Muslin Waists, Finely Tucked Yokes and with an inviting combination of Lace on Collar and Cuffs, at..... 1.50

White Lawn Linen Waists with Insertion and Embroidery, very desirable, in every detail..... 2.98

Special Purchase of Fine Linen Waists, richly wrought in Embroidered Designs with Fine Laces and extra fine materials throughout, at..... 3.75 and

THE PAYE DE FOIE GRAS

How Most Famous of French Delicacies is Produced.

HERE TURKEY IS SCORNED.

The Thirty-five Pound Goose and Its Four Pound Liver—The Peasant Makes Four Dollars Apiece Out of Him—Goose Grease to Replace Cooking Butter.

The Toulouse goose is one of the standbys of the French peasant. Where the ordinary domestic goose averages from seven to eight pounds the weight of the Toulouse goose varies between 12 and 25 pounds in the normal state and between 26 pounds and 32 pounds after they are scientifically fattened for their lives' sake.

During the first eighteen months of their lives they are let to wander and feed at their own sweet will, like pigs or sheep, each troop tended by a little boy or girl; and the impression that they are not really birds, but a kind of two-legged animal, is all the stronger when you see them taken with the sheep, at shearing time, for plucking.

Up till its eighteenth month, the Toulouse goose leads a free and sociable outdoor life, junketing through the fields for food and sure to find a "supplement" in the barnyard. Farmers who go in for "magnificent pieces," the products of intensive fattening, let the goose roam free until it has even reached its second year.

The work of fattening is then taken in hand in the first cool days of autumn and it continues during December and January. The first part, called flesh-building, is simple. It consists in nothing but giving the geese all the Indian corn they will eat, having care to first soak it in water.

Two or three times a day the farmer loads the bird—according to its digesting capacity. It is admitted that a goose can thus digest considerably over a quart of corn per day during about five weeks, and these are those who actually do digest over 50 quarts in the 35 days. Some farmers give soup, others milk, and some add even a little ammonia. Sulphur of antimony also favors fattening; but it is used only by the great experts, being dangerous.

During all this time the bird is scarcely able to move. Every peasant child knows when the fattening is finished. It is when the tail spreads out like a fan, the tail feathers no longer touching each other. Then it is time to sell the goose for its liver.

One of these fattened birds is sold at the Toulouse goose market it brings from \$3 to \$4.50, while phenomena of fattening that weigh up to 35 pounds sell as high as \$6 or \$7. The livers sometimes grow to enormous size. There have been prize winners that have weighed nearly five pounds. Livers weighing four and a half pounds are not particularly rare. The average weight, perhaps, is sometimes under three pounds.

The potting establishments of Toulouse and Narac pay the peasant or the goose-market speculator from 30 cents to 60 cents per pound for those "foies-gras" ("fat livers") according to their volume and whiteness. One of the great chefs of Paris—he is Watrin, once the Vanderbilt \$10,000 cook, tells how they prepare them for the Terrine de Foie-gras. The fresh liver is first skinned. Then all the red parts are cut out of it, keeping only the white nutty parts. With the debris a "farce," or filling, is made, which, after it is strained and seasoned, must be poured into the terrine, or earthen dish over the white chunks of liver. Big black truffles are also thrown in, and the terrine is cooked during two hours in a bain-marie.

Then it is allowed to stand. The next day the juice is poured out and into its spaces and over the top is poured a mixture of melted butter and goose-grease. This hardens and preserves the whole. Two days later the terrine de foie-gras is good to eat, and when properly made it keeps almost indefinitely—so long, indeed, as to permit it to be sent out from Toulouse and Strasbourg to all parts of the world.

Jefferson's Last Days Active.

Jefferson was a very busy man for the seventeen years which elapsed between his retirement from the executive office and his death, but he held no other public post. All over the world there were scientists, statesmen, and diplomats who were in correspondence with him, and in his own country he was inundated with letters from all sorts and conditions of men asking all kinds of questions and political favors in general, however, he refused his political influence to all these seeking it, although he made some exceptions in this rule. Writing to John Adams in 1822, four years before his death, Jefferson declared he was "under the persecution of letters, of which every mail brings me a fresh load." Sometimes they were from friends, but they were much oftener from persons entirely unknown to him, and civility, he said, required him to answer all of them, although some of them required elaborate research. He complained that the drudgery of writing often deprived him of all chance to read a single page of a book in a week. Then he asks Adams: "Is this life? At best it is but the life of a mill horse, who sees no end to his circle but in death. To such a life that of a cabbage is paradise." And Jefferson was seventy-nine years of age at that time. He was compelled to do all his letter writing himself, and there were no typewriters to lighten his labor.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

THE CHARITABLE AMERICAN.

During 1905 American benefactions to charity and education in sums of \$5,000 or more reached a total of \$65,000,000. The corresponding sum for 1901 was \$107,000,000. Such statements afford but a partial idea of the national spirit of benevolence and beneficence. One cannot help thinking of the host of smaller benefactions, many of them made at far greater sacrifices to the givers than the huge donations of those rich in worldly goods. The American people are not only great money-makers and spenders, but great givers.

THE DECREASE OF LYNCHING.

It is gratifying to discover among the gloomy statistics of crimes and violent deaths one decided evidence of improvement, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. That is in the decrease of lynchings, the total number of which during 1905 was 66, not much over half the average for the past ten years, and the lowest number for twenty years.

Of the 66 victims of lynching 65 were negroes. But of the 65 less than a quarter were in revenge for the crime which is alleged in the South as the justification for lynching. This shows the hollowness of the pretext, but that phase is less salient than the remarkable diminution in mob murder due to the improved public sentiment of the South. It seems that just about the time when such appeals to race hatred as "The Clansman" are reaching literary and dramatic form the intelligence of the South is realizing that government by law is infinitely preferable to the rule of mob violence and race insanity.

AGAIN THE CANAL QUESTION.

There has recently taken place a great change in public opinion with respect to the Panama Canal, says the New York Post. When the rights of the French company were purchased eighteen months ago there was a feeling of gayety. The motto was "Make the Dirt Fly." With pardonable national pride we projected great things and spoke rather contemptuously of the French failure. But experience has been sobering and as formerly we were too optimistic, now we need to guard against pessimism and to be alert against the discouragement that the lobby that desires no canal constructed is diligently fostering. The thing is no summer holiday, and we may indeed congratulate ourselves if the channel is open by the time the babies of this year become voters.

AN EXPENSIVE PASTIME.

The ocean steamship companies, it is said, will take concerted action to abate the evil of professional gambling on board ship, says the Boston Globe.

Pirates are but a memory nowadays, but robbers of a different kind, whose business is even more profitable, continue to travel the high seas. Gamblers are not unknown on land, it is true, but their operations are more successful on board ship. Steamship passengers are usually well supplied with money and time hangs heavy on their hands. Thus they are easily beguiled into the spider's parlor and caught in the web. An instance is cited of four young fellows, fresh from college, who landed at Liverpool with five dollars between them, having been stripped of their cash on the last day of the voyage by a pair of smooth strangers, whose unfair methods of play were apparent to lookers-on.

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CO-OPERATIVE SERMONS.

Four Chicago clergymen of as many different denominations will begin putting a unique plan into operation, delivering what will be practically the same sermon, on the same day.

The scheme is of interest as illustrating the co-operative spirit of the age. The tendency in all businesses and the professions is to "get together." The "community of interest" idea is working along many different lines. It is not strange that it has reached the church. The collaboration of authors has not always proved fortunate, but there have been some very happy combinations. The success of the Chicago scheme will depend in great measure upon the congeniality of the co-operating clergymen. An important feature will be the bringing of the denominations represented into closer relations. The experiment is sufficiently novel and interesting to attract careful attention from the general church-going public.

CRIME GROWS IN LONDON.

London is paying the penalty paid by all large cities. Crime is inside her gates. In round numbers she has to pay nearly \$8,000,000 to keep criminals in check; for that is the sum paid out to her police, courts, prisons and prosecuting officers. It fails to include stolen property, losses due to the idleness of criminals, losses to injured parties, etc.

Serious crimes, such as burglary, housebreaking, counterfeiting, etc., are increasing.

As a mitigating circumstance it may be said for the terrorists in Russia that the czar will not let them agitate in any other way. It might be noted that he will not let them agitate in that way either, whenever he has anything to do with the letting.

One magazine writer asks: "Will the future man marry?" while another predicts a 50 per cent. increase in the cost of living. It would seem to be a question of the future man's amount of nerve.

ODD THINGS USED AS FOOD

Animals Were Once Tortured to Make Flesh Tender.

WHITE ANTS AS A DAINTY.

Baked Elephant's Foot Said to Be Delicious—A Salad Made of Tree Bark—Rattlesnakes Said to Taste Like Chicken—Shark Fin a Popular Chinese Dish.

In our own country, while there are no cities given to making a specialty of cookery and epicurean dishes like lark tongues and other great dishes of the Lucullan feasts in old Rome, yet there are two cities noted for a great variety of special dishes or food that can be obtained readily in any other section of the Union.

Germany is eating horse. A ten course dinner of Algerian lion was served by a Parisian Tartarian, who basely bought instead of shooting the game. Monkey is said to be excellent with a far away flavor or rabbit, but many diameters more savory. Still, monkey eating is cannibalism, if our ancestors really were arboreal in their habits.

An English traveler and game hager in Africa swore that baked elephant foot was a dainty dish to set before a king. Dr. Livingstone, in speaking of a breakfast of elephant's foot cooked for him in native fashion and which he very much enjoyed, said: "It was a royal feast and I found it delicious."

The natives of nearly all parts of Africa are exceedingly fond of white ants as a dish.

When the white ants cast off their colony of winged emigrants, a canopy is erected like an umbrella over the ant hill. As soon as ants fly against the roof they tumble down in a shower, and their wings instantly become detached from their bodies. They are then helpless, and are swept up in baskets to be fried, when they make a very palatable food.

Another Englishman—why is it always an Englishman to whom these original and courageous tastes are attributed?—an Englishman averred that boar constrictor, properly cooked, was better than the best veal, being nearly all breast. And yet the boar constrictor has no mercy on the calf. This recalls some curious and cruel customs of our English forefathers, who killed animals by slow and terrifying processes. In order that their flesh should be made tender by muscular agony and mental distress, it is probable that the struggles of a creature slowly killed by a tortura soften its muscles. The flesh of a hunted hare is more tender than the flesh of a hare shot unawares.

Bulls were baited with dogs, not so much for the barbarous pleasure of witnessing brutal conflicts as for the intertention of the beef, which would have been less eatable had the animals been killed quickly with knife and bludgeon. While bull baiting was still sanctioned in England as a wholesome culinary process, our ancestors intertented pigs by whipping them to death, a treatment that produced the requisite bodily convulsions and mental distress in the dying animals. Hence it was usual with the old English to fly a hawk at barndoor poultry and "crammed birds."

While the French menagerie will rave over a dozen snails served in the shell, the dainty Japanese will quietly relish her wishinako and bowl of chichu, and the practical German hausfrau surprises her husband with the juiciest roast pork and pickled pigs feet on the side.

Goulash with plenty of paprika is the Hungarian's delight, while the dark eyed daughters of Italy will not be happy unless they can offer their families a genuine feast, including salami sausages, olives and extra well cheese spaghetti or risotto. A fragrant after dinner cigarette accompanied by a very small glass of vodka is the usual indulgence of the Russian woman after Thanksgiving dinner.

A French woman in New York finds the greatest pleasure in croaking her husband a rabbit that has been exposed to the air until it takes on a certain gamy odor. To this delicacy she adds some cocks' combs fried in sweet butter. On Christmas Day she will serve monsieur some real tripe or a dozen big vineyard snails. New Orleans imports snails from France in barrels, protected by wire netting to prevent this succulent article of diet from creeping out.

Shark fin is a popular dish with the Chinese and a few old seamen. Goychee (shark's fin, fried or in soup) and bird's nest soup are common items on a Chinese menu card.

A dish made of the stomach of a reindeer, or seal, and mixed with seal oil, is the Esquimaux substitute for ice cream.

The flesh of the rattler is also perfectly wholesome and toothsome, having a flavor, like the flesh of most snakes, like chicken.

Travelers in Africa have told how natives communicate intelligently over vast distances by means of drums, some of the messages in transmission being almost telegraphic in their accuracy. The drum also furnishes the principal instrument of "music" in certain tribes.

Matthew Sawyer, aged 97 years, who died the other day in Atchison county, Kansas, had helped to make the inauguration suit worn by President Andrew Jackson. He hailed corn to Atchison in the early days, receding ten cents a bushel, and it took an entire load to purchase a pair of boots.

In twelve marriages out of every hundred one of the parties has been married before.

BOY LIVES

Man Pits New Wolf Against

Wyoming pays a bounty on wolf heads, but a head is worth little more than a head on a wolf. The stockmen propose to pay the bounty on a wolf head, but a head is worth little more than a head on a wolf. The stockmen propose to pay the bounty on a wolf head, but a head is worth little more than a head on a wolf.

In Montana, which pays a bounty on wolf heads, there are several men who are expert at catching wolves. One of them is Lee Farish, and the other is known simply as Jim. He is able to catch wolves when, in the vernacular of the country, "there ain't anything but coyote tracks in sight."

His outfit is up-to-date in every particular. The traps form Jim's most effective way of disposing of wolves. A trap may be skillfully planted near a "bait," but unless the odor is killed the chances are the wolf will keep at a safe distance from the lure. A coyote may be caught in the trap but not a wolf, for the more savage of these prairie marauders is also the most shrewd.

"Until I found a secret compound," said Jim the wolver, "I used to poison the wolves. I have lost thousands of dollars by having the wolves eat the poison and then get away and die where I couldn't find the bodies. There is no poison that will act quick enough to kill a wolf right away. He has a chance to make a run for it, and then it is up to you to find the body and get the pelt. I tried all the poisons that man ever invented, I guess, but nothing would get Mr. Wolf in an instant."

"So I tried fixing up my traps. I tried all sorts of methods of burying them, but that wouldn't work, as a wolf can smell a trap far underground. Then I thought of getting something that would kill that smell of steel. So I worked and worked, and finally got it. Now I just smear it over my traps, and plant them, and Mr. Wolf, if he happens to be in the neighborhood of the bait, blunders into the steel and his pelt is mine."

Next to trapping the wolves comes trailing them to their dens and slaying them literally in their own castles.

"I don't take any firearms into the den with me," said Jim. "Why, man, it would kill you to fire a revolver in a little place like that, I take a hatchet to enlarge the sides of the den as I go along, and I carry a long rod to kill the wolf with. If Mr. Wolf shows fight I simply jam that rod down his throat and then finish him with the hatchet. Sometimes if I forget the rod I just jam the hatchet down the wolf's jaw until I can get in a good blow with it. But a wolf hardly ever shows fight, unless it is to snap at you once or twice. Generally there is a little recess at the end of the den, and the wolf will stick his head in this. Thinks if he has his head hidden it is safe, I guess. Well, I just reach into the den when I have got to the end of the passage and grab the wolf by the hind leg and yank it out and kill it. Or maybe I tie a rope to its hind leg, if it is a big fellow, and then pull it back up to the mouth of the den and kill it."

Jim is noted as the best shot in southern Montana. He carries a heavy old style Winchester and a similarly ancient Colt .45 at his hip. He looks with disfavor on the new automatics and other styles—not that they will not shoot all right, but he simply figures that there is no use going back on weapons that he has tried and knows to be true. And, as he has killed silvertips with his revolver, owing to the fact that he knows just where to plant his shots, perhaps there is a good deal to Jim's philosophy.

The stockmen who have large bands of sheep on the Crow reservation contribute to Jim's exchequer. Not only does he receive the state's liberal bounty, but he gets big pay from the stock owners for his wolf pelts, and he sells the best of the wolf skins at fancy figures. Coyotes bring him no small income also as there is a bounty on each coyote slain.

Tongue for Sour Things and Sweet.

A wine expert was tasting wines. In tasting sweet wines he lowered his head upon his breast. In tasting dry, or sour wines he threw his head back.

"Why do you do that?" said a spectator.

"I don't know. I think I guess," the expert replied. "You do it," the spectator explained, "because the front of your tongue can only taste sweet things, and the back of it only sour things, and the movement of your head is for the purpose of throwing the wines upon the right part of your tongue. The taste nerves have different functions, some handling sweets, others sour, others bitters, and so on, just as the muscles have different functions working the leg and some the arm."

"Well, well," said the expert. "You surprise me. At the same time, I'm sure you are right. Everybody, come to think of it, holds sweet things in the fore part of the tongue, to get their flavor, and sour things on the hind part."

Dear Richard Junior's Philosophy.

Married in haste, repent in the suburbs.

Art is long, but artists frequently are short.

Home is where you wear your old coat and your old manners.

Possession is nine points of the law; self-possession is the tenth.

A husband is less likely to be deceived when he is suspected.

Money makes the mayor go and the auto makes the money go.

UTILITY OF WASTE MATERIALS

Modern Science Converts Worthless Articles Into Profit.

For instance, what substance would seem to be more utterly worthless than the refuse of mines and furnaces—slag, as it is called. But it is now treated in a variety of ways and converted into a number of useful things, such as paving bricks, slag glass, slag shingles and slag sand. Bricks are one of its chief uses at present and for some time there is a considerable demand.

Another method of utilization, simply by grinding the slag sand and artificial stone moulded into chimney pieces, window heads and sills, wall coping and other ornamental work for builders, and the latest use which has been found for it is in making wool of silicate cotton, so called from its resemblance to cotton wool. This is snow white in color, and is chiefly used for covering boilers and steam pipes, and being a non-conductor of heat, is admirably adapted for this purpose.

Another troublesome waste has been coal slag. This too is being utilized for building purposes. The builders in Lyons, France, have the credit of being the first to use the waste which surrounds coal mines. They wished to find a cheap, durable and healthy material for the construction of suburban homes, and coal slag treated as concrete after being mixed with slaked lime was found to answer the purpose. The mass hardened rapidly and even after a few days the walls were found firm enough to support the frame joistings. The strength and fire-resisting properties of this new composition have been well tested, and one case is mentioned where a nitro-lonze factory was burned down, the great heat even melted the machinery and yet the walls built of coal slag bricks were not consumed, their surfaces having a glazed appearance, and they sustained without repair the ceiling and roof of the new building.

In every brass manufactory there is an unavoidable waste in the scoriae of the melting furnaces, in the rolling mill department and the wire drawing. Whatever of this waste, with the sweepings, can be gathered up is put into large mortars and subjected to the impact of pivoted pestles till the whole is pounded to dust. Then it is floated in a running stream of water through a chute over rifles, which catch the heavy metal particles and allow the lighter trash to pass off. The metallic residuum, packed in crucibles with luted covers, gives back a profitable percentage of metal to be re-used.

Even the empty tin cans has at last been found to have a commercial value. A number of manufacturers are reclaiming tin cans have sprung up recently, and the business is growing. Thousands of tins, more or less battered, are collected every week from the city refuse dumps, or from the hotels and large boarding houses. At the factory the soldered seams are subjected to an intense heat in such a way that the solder runs into a receptacle and is carefully saved and sold. It brings twelve cents a pound, and the profits from this source alone almost pays the expense of gathering and handling the cans. The tops and bottoms of the cans are melted and turned into window sash weights. The labels on the tin cans are easily removed after being soaked in water, and the plates are rolled flat by machinery. As the inside of the plates are not much discolored by the contents of the can, they present a clean surface and make excellent coverings for trunks, the seams being hidden by the trunk braces, either of wood or sheet iron.

Sawdust has been utilized in many ways. In New York city there are about five thousand vendors of sawdust, having a capital invested of \$200,000 and doing an annual business of \$2,000,000. Forty years ago the mills were glad to pay for having the sawdust carted away. Twenty-five years ago it could be bought for fifty cents a load. Now it brings \$3.50 a load from the mill. It is used at hotels, eating houses, groceries and other places. It is wet and spread over the floors in order to make the sweeping cleaner work. Plumbers use a great deal of it between walls and floors to deaden the sound. Soda water men and packers of glass and breakables use it in large quantities, and dolls are stuffed with it. Yellow pine makes the best sawdust, as it is the least dusty, and has a pungent and healthy smell.

Another extensive field is the utilization of animal waste. In pig killing establishments in this country, and some in England and Ireland, nothing is lost. Whether horse flesh will ever become an article of food in this country it is difficult to say, but in Paris there is a society for the promotion of the use of horse flesh, which claims to have provided Paris between 1866 and 1881 with nearly sixty-eight million pounds of meat.

Robert Harbrough Sherard, author of "Twenty Years in Paris," tells that Guy de Maupassant despised literature as a profession, and gave to almost any other topic of conversation the preference over books. "There are so many other things of so much greater interest to talk about," the novelist would say. Of yachts and the sea he could talk delightfully, and he was rather proud on the fact that some time previously he had rescued from the waves at Brest the English poet Swinburne, who, Byron-like, a magnificent swimmer, had for once outswum his strength.

To such an extent does religion prevail at Gonatona, in the South Seas, that every man, woman and child on that island who does not go to church at least three times a week is liable to be arrested and fined, the fine going to the King.

59TH CONGRESS

Resolutions Offered by A New Hampshire Senator

Washington, Feb. 14.—When the house met today Mr. Sims, Tennessee, endeavored to take the floor on a question of personal privilege based on a newspaper interview which criticised his automobile regulation bill. It was ruled that no question of privilege was presented, but Mr. Sims was allowed fifteen minutes to explain the bill.

Mr. Sims was opposed to both the excessive speed and the excessive "tooting" of automobiles. His bill would reduce both "nuisances."

Mr. Lamb (Va.) secured the adoption of a joint resolution authorizing the secretary of war to deliver to the Southern Historical Society at Richmond, Va., all of the Confederate battle flags in his custody, which have not been identified as belonging to any organization.

Consideration of the fortifications appropriation bill was resumed, the bill being taken up for amendment under the five minute rule.

An amendment was offered by Mr. Sullivan of Massachusetts cutting off the \$400,000 for fortifications in the Philippine Islands. Every fortification erected in the Philippines he regarded as a barrier to their independence. All indications now, he said, pointed to the construction of a naval station at Subig Bay. If this was correct it was useless to waste money at Cavite. Until a definite decision was reached he was opposed to appropriating anything.

Mr. Gaff of Illinois regarded the amendment as simply an emphasis of a proposed abandonment of the Philippines. No matter under what flag the Philippines were governed, they would need coast defenses.

Immediately after the routine morning business had been disposed of today, the subsidy shipping bill was laid before the senate and its consideration resumed with the understanding that it would be voted on before adjournment.

Mr. Gallinger offered a number of amendments on behalf of the merchant marine commission. One of them limits the number of officers and men in the proposed naval reserve to 10,000.

The house today adopted a resolution inquiring of the secretary of the treasury when the government executed a deed for the old custom house property in New York to the National City bank; where the deed is: in whose custody it has been since its execution, and why it has never been recorded.

The house committee on banking and currency agreed today to make a favorable report on the Fowler bill authorizing the issuance of \$5 and \$10 gold certificates by the secretary of the treasury.

A compromise bill removing all internal revenue tax from leaf tobacco was agreed upon for a favorable report by the house ways and means committee today. At present internal revenue laws impose a tax on leaf tobacco in case the producer places it in the hands of an agent for sale, but permits the grower personally to sell his own tobacco without tax. Under the measure agreed upon the sale of leaf tobacco will be as unrestricted as the sale of any other product. Tobacco growers endeavored to have the bill extend exemption from tobacco tax to twist tobacco, but the committee would not include anything in the measure but the natural leaf. A bill by Representative Gaines of Tennessee was drawn upon chiefly in framing the compromise measure, which also embodies some of the ideas of Mr. Yerkes, the commissioner of internal revenue.

JAPAN WILL PAY

London, Feb. 15.—The London Times publishes a dispatch from Tokio saying that the financial program of the cabinet which has passed the lower House will undoubtedly be endorsed by the upper House. According to the program the war debts which will aggregate \$911,000,000 in 1917, will be completely paid off in 1939, during which interval there will be six operations of conversion. The program shows that the domestic debt, now amounting to \$287,500,000, will be entirely discharged in 1912.

DIED OF INJURIES

Exeter, N. H., Feb. 15. Josiah R. Smith died at Brentwood Tuesday night, aged seventy-four years, from injuries to his hips and back, sustained by a fall on a frozen ground about three weeks ago. He kept a store and market in Brentwood, his retirement, four years ago, was with survivors.

MUSIC HALL!

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Wednesday Faust
Thursday The Lyndon Bank Mystery
Friday Hearts Enthroned
Saturday The Mask of Life

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Wednesday Shadowed Lives
Thursday His Jealous Wife
Friday Faust
Saturday The Great Copper Swindle

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Monday Evening, Feb. 19

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OFFERS THE BRIGHTEST OF ALL PLAYS

"Dora Thorne"

A Dramatization of Bertha M. Clay's Most Famous Novel by E. Laurence Lee

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THURSDAY, FEB. 15, 1906.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE

The birthplace of Lincoln has been saved to the American people by Robert J. Collier of Collier's Weekly. By him, it is to be given to an association of American citizens, organized for the purpose of converting the historic Kentucky farm into a national park. Mr. Collier has earned the gratitude of patriots everywhere.
Commerce is honorable. It may even have its ideals, but that is not a noble commercial spirit which seeks to make capital out of the love which men and women entertain for their national heroes. It would not have been pleasing to read advertisements of Lincoln Birthplace whiskey, medicine or soap. There can be little respect for ideals in the minds of men who would seek such advertising as the possession of Lincoln's birthplace for commercial purposes would bring. American patriotism would not have been highly regarded by the world had such a thing as has been hinted at come about. The danger threatened, but happily it was averted.

Lincoln was one of the greatest of Americans. The only President who ever approached the heights reached by him was Washington. It is a pity that his birthplace should have been so long neglected, so long allowed to remain in the possession of those to whom its almost sacred associations evidently mean so little. Regrets now, both unavailing and unnecessary, for it has at last fallen into patriotic hands. It has been given to the American people and they are for it.

It is well to honor the memories of Franklin, Jones, Decatur and all the other heroes of our nation, but these men fell far below the Lincoln standard. If we celebrate their achievements, how much more should we celebrate his. The place where he was born by every moral right belongs to the people of the land he saved. It is good to know that they now control it and that their money will make it a park, dedicated to the man who preserved upon the earth a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

BIRDS' EYE VIEWS

Life is laughter,
Sigh and song;
And the world rolls
Right along.

Portland didn't get the peace conference, but she expects to get Admiral Togo.

Probably the Dowle colony in Mexico will now decline to receive Dowle, at least. When will Shiloh wake up?

Happy is the man who did not get a comic valentine yesterday, and even he who received none at all is perhaps to be envied.

Admiral Togo is said to be getting the truth by perambulating the coast.

mile march. Of what use would they be in time of war?

The four-cent meal is again a topic of editorial discussion. The twenty-five cent meal is what hits the most of us about right.

A German professor has found that photographs can be taken by the light of hard boiled eggs. Why not use the ordinary methods?

Commissioner Garfield returned a discouraging account of Beef Trust profits, but the amalgamation hasn't gone into bankruptcy yet.

The new plant yerba mate is said to be a preventive of hunger. Perhaps the boarding houses will adopt it in the place of canned greens.

When will the President make another onslaught on those Colorado bears? After he gets through with the Wall street animals, probably.

OUR EXCHANGES

The Charge Of The Mad Brigade

Half a block, half a block,
Half a block onward,
Packed into trolley cars,
Rode the six hundred.
Maddens, and matrons hale,
Tall spinsters, slim and pale,
On to the Bargain Sale,
Rode the six hundred.
Autos to right of them,
Hansom's to left of them,
Flying trains over them,
Rattled and thundered.
Forward, through all the roar,
On through the crowd they bore,
To Price and Seller's store,
Rode the six hundred.

When at that mart of trade,
Stern-faced and unafraid,
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the clerks wondered,
Their not to make reply,
Their not to reason why,
Their bet to pacify
All the six hundred.

On bargains still intent,
Homeward the buyers went,
With cash and patience spent,
And friendships sundered,
What though their hats sport dents,
What though their gowns show rents—
They have saved thirty cents;
Noble six hundred!
—Woman's Home Companion.

A Sage Boy

Uncle Russell Sage is planning to live to and beyond the century mark, but there is a practical certainty that his species will not be extinct even when he departs from this life's activities. This hope lies in the report that a fourteen year old boy at Great Neck, L. I., has not spent even a single cent for boyish luxuries since he was ten years old. Every penny he has acquired has gone into the savings bank and he now has \$350 which is to be invested in a mortgage paying five per cent. interest. While this youngster is being held up as an example of what may be accomplished by thrift and industry, nevertheless the average individual suspicion upon a boy who has not spent a cent for "boyish luxuries" in a period of four years.—Bridford Journal.

Taste For Allies

Congressman Littlefield continues to have a taste for exclusiveness in choosing his allies when it comes to a vote.—Bath Times.

Burglars Bold And Desperate

We are accustomed to hear of such things in the wild and woolly West, but the occurrence on the Portland and Boston train the other morning brings them startlingly near home. The villains who cracked a Dover safe and were taking flight by train, and when threatened with arrest, held up the officers and passengers at the muzzle of revolvers, killing a man in making their escape, were certainly bold and desperate characters. The gratifying feature of the affair is the promptness with which they were pursued and caught. In their case the way of the transgressor is not only laid but it is short.—Portland Press.

FRIDAY THE DAY

When County Attorney Will Hold Conference With Governor Cobb

County Attorney George L. Emery stated Wednesday that he had made plans to go to Augusta next Friday to hold a conference with Governor Cobb, consequent to evidence gathered in Portsmouth.

At that meeting he says it is his intention to prefer charges against the members of the Biddeford police commission, whom he says are not properly assisting the county authorities in the enforcement of the liquor

THE PISCATAQUA
Once Famed For Its
Sailing Vessels
ITS FORMER GLORIES NOW
NEARLY FORGOTTEN

Few Vessels Which Can Claim A
Portsmouth Origin

LIST OF THOSE IN COMMISSION AND WHERE THEY ARE

The recent loss of the little coasting schooner Yankee Maid near Rockland, Me., strikes out another from the rapidly diminishing list of New Hampshire built vessels still afloat. Fifty years ago these craft, built of sturdy New Hampshire white oak and famed for their strength, capacity and speed, were known the world around; now less than a score of merchant survivors can claim the White Mountain state as their birthplace.

Of the magnificent fleet of square-riggers launched on the Piscataqua, but five remain, and only one of these in her original condition—the bark Yosemite, launched in 1868, now owned in San Francisco and engaged in the coal trade between Australian and Pacific coast ports. The ship Dashing Wave, launched in 1853, and the bark Richard III. (1859), have been within a year cut down to barges, and are now used in the Puget Sound lumber trade. On our Atlantic coast the big City of Montreal, launched as a ship in 1861, but cut down to a barge for the coal trade in 1898, is the only surviving representative of the square-rigger fleet. On the Nova Scotia coast and under the British flag may be found the Grandee, also reduced to an ignominious coal barge and in the trade between Cape Breton and Halifax. This vessel bears the distinction of being the last square-rigger owned at Portsmouth or in the state. She was launched here in 1873 and was sold as recently as 1894.

As for the fore-and-afters, the three-master Annie F. Conlon, built in 1882, is notable as being the largest owned in Portsmouth. Next in size comes the Alice B. Phillips of the same rig, launched during the following year and now owned at New Haven, Conn., both vessels being engaged in the general coal, ice and lumber trades. On the coast between Calais and New York are to be met the schooners James Freeman, launched in 1852, Alice T. Boardman (1868) and Lizzie J. Call (1886), all built of the same famous stock and employed in the general coastwise business. The last vessel, a three-master, is the only one of the three owned in her native state and is also the last coasting schooner built on the Piscataqua. The old coaster Pioneer (1864) is ending her days as a lighter about Penobscot Bay ports.

Two tributes to New Hampshire builders are the little "pinkie" fishing schooner Mary of Waldoboro, Me., launched in 1811, the third oldest merchant vessel under the American flag; and the big two-master M. B. Eldredge of Dennis, Mass., launched in 1878, which bears a reputation for speed and beauty. She is now in the cement trade between New York and Boston.

All the foregoing craft were built at Portsmouth. Dover, Exeter and Newmarket did their share in the shipbuilding, but Hampton is the only town outside the first-named which has a claim on surviving New Hampshire-built sailing vessels. It is based on the little coaster Victory, launched in 1846, now in the Rockland line trade, and on the schooner Little Dorrit (1868), at present in the Southern oyster fishery, as is the little Z. S. Wallingford, built at Portsmouth in 1874. Dover, however, can claim the only surviving coast steam vessel built in the state—the tug Iva, launched in 1891 and owned in her birthplace.

The Piscataqua River as a shipbuilding locality is evidently at a permanent standstill and it only remains for the navy yard to save the state from entire oblivion in this direction. In the navy list it is now represented by the training ship New Hampshire, begun in 1818, but not completed until 1863, and the bark Marlon, built 1871-5, both of which are now unserviceable; the training ships Saratoga (1842) and Portsmouth (1843), the receiving ship Franklin (1855-65), and the barks Essex (1874-6) and Enterprise (1873-6). At the

Every Niece and Nephew of Uncle Sam
should be deeply interested in what he has said about soda crackers, because they are the one food with which all of them are familiar.
Uncle Sam has given out figures showing that soda crackers are richer in nutriment and body-building elements, properly proportioned, than any food made from flour.
This is saying much for common soda crackers, and much more for **Uneeda Biscuit**, because they are soda crackers of the best quality. They are baked better—more scientifically. They are packed better—more cleanly. The damp, dust and odor proof package retains all the goodness and nutriment of the wheat, all the freshness of the best baking, all the purity of the cleanest bakeries.
Your Uncle Sam has shown what food he thinks best for his people. His people have shown that they think **Uneeda Biscuit** the best of that food, nearly 400,000,000 packages having already been consumed.

Uneeda Biscuit
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

5¢

navy yard was launched last winter the 300 ton training brig Boxer. A sea-going tug, a ferry boat and a tank barge are now under construction, while a ferry boat and three coal barges are but recently off the ways. Let us hope that this very commendable industry is on the increase, and that for navy vessels, at least, Portsmouth may in time become as well known as it was formerly for merchant ships.

DAVID A. WASSON.

THE THEATRICAL FOLK

"Dora Thorne" On The Stage
Next Monday evening, C. S. Sullivan will present at Music Hall his latest novelty, "Dora Thorne," taken from the novel. It tells a story of every day life dealing with all classes. "Dora Thorne" has perhaps been read by more people than any other novel of its kind ever written and the dramatist has been most careful to bring out all the strong points in the book. An exceptional cast and effective special scenery have brought the play up to the top notch of success. "Dora Thorne" is well worth one's time going to see.

Football Stars Liked It

Every football star who visited New York during Robert Edson's engagement at the Hudson and Savoy Theatres made it a point to witness "Strongheart." They have all tendered their compliments to Mr. Edson on the faithfulness of his football pictures.

A Scriptural Drama

Adapted from the Scriptures, every chapter of which is either a drama or a poem, "The Holy City" brings to a twentieth century audience the tragic scenes that surrounded the greatest event in all the world's history, the sublimely eternal epic that marked the beginning of the Christian era.

Not one of the large company but has a difficult part, from Marius, the Roman citizen, believer in the true God; to John the Baptist, meek yet fearless, and the arch hypocrite Calaphas, Judas Iscariot, the betrayer of his Master.

Maude Selden, as "Elizabeth," the mother of John, is an exceptional actress, as is the passionate princess "Salome." Miss Marie de Beau, and J. Harrison Taylor, "Marius," is an actor of rare merit. Both are excellent. Clarence Bennett in the double role of "John the Baptist" and "Judas," fulfills the arduous requirements most acceptably.

O. U. A. M., No. 3

Thursday evening, Feb. 15, there will be an open meeting which will be addressed by Ex-National C. T. F. Gilmore. All members and ex-members are earnestly requested to be present.

Per Order,
G. E. KAY, C.,
W. E. CLAPP,
Recording Secretary

See "The Lyndon Bank Mystery" at Music Hall this evening.

SOUTH ELIOT

South Eliot, Feb. 15.

At the regular session of John F. Hill Grange on Monday evening, a very enjoyable time was had and the following program was presented in honor of Lincoln's birthday anniversary:
Song, "Battle Hymn of the Republic", Reading, "Lincoln", Mrs. Emma Frye

Paper, "Early Life of Lincoln", Mrs. Charles Drake
Song, "Tenting on the Old Camp-ground", Dr. H. I. Durgin
Paper, "Lincoln as President", Dr. H. I. Durgin

Song, "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean", Reading, "Extract from Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech", James Coleman
Reading, "When Lincoln Died", Mrs. Howard P. Libbey

Patriotic Song, Miss Maud Adlington
Reading, "O Captain! My Captain!", Miss Maud Adlington
Singing, "America",

Miss Isabelle B. Remick has resumed her school duties after an enforced absence of several weeks.

The schools in town are nearing the close of the winter term.

Miss Martha N. Dixon is able to go out now, having been confined to the house as the result of an accident for several weeks.

Mrs. Beecher of New York, who is passing the winter here, will give a Bible reading to ladies at the home of Mrs. George Bartlett, near the Congregational Church, on Monday afternoon at half-past two.

Mr. Tenney of Lynn, Mass., who has charge of the children's department at the Alton Bay camp meeting annually, will give a talk for children at the Advent Church on Thursday afternoon at four o'clock and in the evening at half-past seven he will hold another meeting.

Willis Staples of Dover was the guest of his mother, Mrs. Mary F. Staples, on Sunday.

Hamilton Spinney has been ill. Frank Corson of Kittery was a recent visitor in town.

Miss Grace M. Remick of Laconia, N. H., is paying a visit to friends in town.

Mrs. Caswell and daughter, Mrs. Carroll of Portsmouth, visited relatives here on Tuesday.

Mrs. Walter C. Cole entertained the Ladies' Whist Club on Tuesday evening.

The meeting of the Ladies' Circle connected with the Advent Church will not be held this week, as there is to be a service at the church on Thursday, the day its sessions are held.

NOTICE

I have opened a barber shop at 38 Hanover street and have secured the services of William Harris of Boston. All work done in a practical manner.
ROBERT VADEN.

WANT ADS.
SUCH AS FOR SALE,
WANTED, TO LET, LOST
FOUND, ETC.
One Cent a Word.
For Each Insertion.
**3 LINES ONE WEEK
40 CENTS.**

MESSAGE TREATMENTS GIVEN. Mrs. Hazel, 5 School St. feb15,cht

ELUCATION LESSONS—Special course in elocution for adults. Mrs. Bookbinder, No. 23 Lincoln Avenue. feb15,cht

WANTED—Manager for branch office we wish to locate here in Portsmouth. Address with references, The Morris Wholesale House, Cincinnati, Ohio. jan25,cht

FOR SALE—A modern, up-to-date seashore cottage. One of the finest spots on the New Hampshire coast. Address "S. S." care Chronicle. aug10,cht

MESSAGE—Mrs. Hazel, 5 School St. Massage treatment given. Call or address as above. feb15,cht

FOR SALE—A room house and barn corner Maplewood Ave. and Prospect St. Apply to C. E. Almy, 57 Market St.

SAFE FOR SALE—A good safe which cost new \$250.00 can be purchased at a bargain. Address G. W. D., Chronicle office. 17

WANTED—Men or women local representatives for a high class magazine. Large commissions. Cash prizes. Write J. N. Trainor, 20 East Washington Square, New York, N. Y. aug15,cht

TO LET—House on Lexington Street, vacant after Nov. 1st; furnace heat. Apply to Sargent Brothers, No. 3 Green Street. oct14,cht

TO LET—10 room tenement corner Cass and Lexington Sts. Apply to C. E. Almy, 57 Market St.

WHIST SCORE CARDS for sale at this office on all kinds of work. sep10,cht

PRINTING—Get estimates from the Chronicle on all kinds of work.

PLACARDS—For Sale, To Let, Furnished Rooms To Let, etc., can be had at the Chronicle office.

WANTED—Live agents in every town in New Hampshire and Maine to represent the New Hampshire Gazette. Address this office.

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WEAK KIDNEYS MAKE WEAK BODIES

Kidney Diseases Cause Half the Common Aches and Pains of Portsmouth People.

As one weak link weakens a chain, so weak kidneys weaken the whole body and hasten the dual breakdown.

Overwork, strains, colds and other causes injure the kidneys, and when their activity is lessened the whole body suffers from the excess of uric poison circulated in the blood.

Aches and pains and languor and urinary ills come, and there is an ever-increasing tendency towards diabetes and fatal Bright's disease. There is no real help for the sufferer except kidney help.

Doan's Kidney Pills act directly on the kidneys and cure every kidney ills. Portsmouth cures are the proof.

Charles E. Oliver, barber, at 79 Congress St., and living at 26 Union St., Portsmouth, N. H., says:

"Long hours of standing and constant strain on the muscles of the back from stooping forward over the chair was what brought on kidney trouble in my case. I was so lame at times that I could hardly attend to my business, and it was misery to me when I did. I also had attacks of dizziness and headaches at times were severe."

I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and procured a box, taking them regularly as directed. Most beneficial results followed and soon the pain and all other symptoms of kidney complaint left me. I am only too glad to recommend such a valuable preparation."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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SHE WAS DISMISSED.

At twenty minutes past two, Richard Balderston, sitting in his inner office, heard the door of the clerk's room open, and a voice inquired: "Is Mr. Balderston in?" The clerk mumbled something in reply, and a moment later appeared with a card, which he handed to his chief.

"Ask Mr. Turbot to step in," said the latter at once.

A man of thirty, of fashionable aspect, good-looking, grave and well-mannered, entered and removed his silk hat with his gloved hand, and glanced at Balderston with a kind of courteous indifference. He looked like a club man who had seen the world and become bored by it. He was well dressed, well shaved, well appointed in every way; his gray eyes were lazy but unfathomable. They seemed made to see into others, but to allow no one to see into them. His voice, as he said, "I believe you asked to see me?" was languid and gentle.

"You are from the detective office?" returned Balderston, who felt slightly embarrassed.

"As you see. What can I do for you?" He seated himself as he spoke, and regarded the other with an air of meditative tolerance, though the broker must have been five years his senior, and was well known on the street as a wealthy and prosperous man, of good family.

"You see, the situation is this. I am obliged by my business to be away from home from nine o'clock till four. I work hard, and am not overfond of society. My wife, on the other hand, has nothing but society to attend to. She has French blood in her—that may have something to do with it. She is young, and pretty, and vivacious, and all that. She has her social engagements, and keeps them, so far as appears."

"You mean, she pretends to keep them, and does not?"

"Well, I have reason to suspect something of the kind."

"What reason?"

"For instance, the other night, after dinner, she went out, ostensibly to a reception at Mrs. Huntley Murray's. Her cousins, the Lesnars, were to bring her home. After she was gone, I took it into my head to drop into the Conique. It isn't the sort of place I'd care to take my wife to. But as I was coming out with the audience, I saw her in the crowd ahead, leaning on the arm of a man who was a stranger to me, and who looked like a gambler. I tried to get up to them, but they were out first, and got into a carriage and drove off. I went home and waited. At one o'clock Mrs. Balderston came in. I asked her how she enjoyed the reception. She described it to me, and the people she met. She maintained the deception perfectly. I concluded to say nothing until I had something unanswerable to go upon."

The detective stroked his mustache and mused for a while.

"You say you were behind her coming out. How can you be certain it was she?"

"Oh, I recognized her by her shawl that I had bought for her the week before. There's not another like it in town. Besides, I should know her anywhere by her shoulders and carriage. And that isn't the only time. I have been told by friends of mine that they had seen her at places where I knew she was not to have been. I could wish, at least, she would be more careful."

"You and she live alone; no one else in the house?"

"Only her servants, and her maid, who is as much a companion as a servant."

"Ah! Have you ever thought of sounding the maid—buying her up?"

Balderston shook his head.

"There's nothing to be got there. The girl is very innocent and knows nothing. Mrs. Balderston never takes her out with her. That would be no use."

"Now, we may as well speak plain. What do you want? A divorce?"

The broker winced.

"Not if I can avoid it. I care for my wife. I don't believe she's bad. I hope not! She would not be so recklessly imprudent if she were. If I can bring her up sharp, make her realize what she is about, appeal to her strongly, I think I can win her back. I'd make the attempt, anyhow. But this must be stopped!"

"And you want me to watch her, take her in a compromising situation, and bring her to you? That is the commission as I understand it? Very well. Then the sooner we begin the better. What are her ostensible plans for to-day?"

"She was going to make calls at half past three. At five o'clock she is to be at Mrs. Murray's, at afternoon tea. She dines at home with her cousin at half past six, and they were to attend the performance at the Star later."

The detective took out his watch.

"Three o'clock now. If you wish, we'll start at once. I must see Mrs. Balderston, to begin with. Then I'll do what I can."

"We shall hardly get home before she leaves," replied the broker, "but we'll take the chance. Come along!"

The Balderstons lived in a south-west corner house on Madison Avenue. As the broker and the detective came up the block, the door of the house opened, and a lady came out. She had a parasol in her hand, which she held in her direction. She turned lightly down the steps, turned the corner of the street above, and was out of sight.

"That is my wife," said Balderston.

"Good!" exclaimed the detective. "Now, go to your club, and stay there till you receive word from me. I shall report before midnight!" and quickening his pace, he also turned the corner and disappeared.

Balderston, with a sigh, faced about, and ten minutes later was in the club reading-room, buried in a newspaper which he was not reading.

It was eleven o'clock when Balderston, who had by that time passed through nearly every phase of suspense, anxiety and positive suffering, who had snubbed or offended every friend he had in the club, who had bullied the waiters, cursed the cook, chewed up the cigars without smoking them, and given himself a headache with brandy and soda, was timidly approached by the hall boy, with a card in a salver. He snatched the card with a kind of famished growl, and instantly bolted out of the smoking-room, and encountered Mr. Turbot, calm, penetrating and indifferent as ever, in the hall.

"Get your hat and come with me," said the detective, quietly. "We have got all the evidence you will need. But keep cool."

The broker got his hat, which, in his agitation, he put on wrong side before, and accompanied the detective into the street.

"Well, how was it?" he demanded, stammering in his eagerness.

"Well, it is not very agreeable," the other replied, as they walked along; "though I am bound to say it might have been worse. Do you wish me to tell you exactly what happened?"

"Yes, yes, go on!" said Balderston, trembling uncontrollably.

"Well, after leaving you, I followed your wife down the street to Fifth Avenue, then up for two or three blocks to Fortieth Street. Then she crossed over and entered the park behind the reservoir. On one of the benches near the Sixth Avenue side was sitting a man, a tall, well-dressed fellow, with a black mustache."

"I know!" broke in Balderston, with a groan. "The same fellow. Where?"

"He got up when he saw her, and when she came near enough, he took her hand, and bent down and kissed her."

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"He got up when he saw her, and when she came near enough, he took her hand, and bent down and kissed her."

"Good God!" faltered Balderston, faintly. "Are you certain of that?"

"I own it surprised me a little; for a woman so well known as your wife must be, and in so public a place, it was imprudent."

"Imprudent! But go on!"

"They sat down together on the bench and remained there for a full half hour. He seemed to be urging something upon her, and she hesitating and temporizing."

"Hesitating! And he had kissed her!" He struggled hard to command himself for a moment, and then said, "I can't stand dragging it out this way; cut it short."

"With pleasure. They went into a restaurant on Sixth Avenue. They sat side by side, instead of opposite each other. A bottle of champagne was ordered, your wife drank four glasses. They—well, the truth is, they became pretty confidential. At last they got up and went out, and walked slowly down the avenue arm-in-arm. They were both talking with a good deal of vivacity. I saw her shake her head occasionally. They kept on to Ninth Street; there they crossed over to the Bowery. They went into one of the variety theaters there, but did not stay long. On coming out, they took a surface car uptown. A few blocks above Union Square they got out and walked down the street. They stopped at the door of a place—I know it very well—it purports to be an Italian restaurant. A certain class of people go there for supper."

"Well?" said Balderston between his teeth, as the other paused.

"Well, she's there now."

"There now! In that place with that fellow? Where?"

"Keep cool, Mr. Balderston," said the detective, composedly. "There's no further harm done yet. You will go quietly in with me and tell her to come home, that's all; we shall be there in a moment. It's that house with a hack standing in front of it, and a lady just coming down the steps. By the way, it is your wife!"

out long, and then you will have everything your own way. Hold on driver!" he called out the window. "We'll get out here."

As they alighted on the sidewalk, they saw the other hack just driving away from the door of Balderston's house, half a block further on, and a moment later the door of the house was heard to close.

"She has gone!" remarked the detective, "and imagines herself safe. You can introduce me as a friend of yours, and then lead the conversation up to the point. Remember that the more agitation you betray, the greater will be her advantage over you."

Balderston opened the door with his latch-key, and they entered quietly. They went upstairs at once, their feet scarcely sounding on the soft carpet. There was a sitting-room in the front of the house, and a library at the back. A glance showed that Mrs. Balderston was in the library. She had certainly improved her time. In the five minutes or less allowed her, she had slipped out of her tight dress, thrown on an elegant negligee, got her feet into a coquettish pair of Turkish slippers, provided herself with a novel, and excoined herself cozily on a sofa drawn up to the table, so that the light from the lamp fell over her shoulders. Leaving the detective temporarily in the shadow of the sitting-room, Balderston was in the library before his wife was aware of him. At all events she started as with surprise, and exclaimed,—

"Oh, Dick! you quite frightened me! Have you been to the club?"

"Yes. Did you and your cousin enjoy the Star theater?"

"Oh, tolerably. But how pale you look, dear, are you ill?"

"Not in the least. They brought you home in their carriage, I suppose?"

"Of course. I have been back nearly an hour. Sit down, won't you, Dick? I have just sent for Marie to bring some tea. You shall take a cup with me, will you not? I'm sure you need it."

"Thank you. Before we take tea together, let me introduce to you a friend of mine, Mr. Turbot. Here he turned back to the sitting-room and drew in the detective, who acted as if much embarrassed, and said something to Balderston in a hurried undertone, to which the broker paid no attention. "Possibly you may have seen Mr. Turbot before?" he added, eyeing her intently.

Her face expressed only a courteous though slightly surprised welcome. She rose and inclined her head gracefully.

"This is the first time I have had the pleasure. He will excuse my costume. I did not know—"

"My dear sir," interposed the detective, hastily, turning to Balderston, "I wish to say to you—"

"One moment, if you please," the other broke in, his voice rising. "I need no advice, Clara—Mrs. Balderston—answer me this: Did you meet any one in the park behind the reservoir this afternoon?" A look of perplexity came into her face; he hurried on angrily and excitedly, shaking off the warning hand that the detective laid on his arm. "Will you deny that you dined with that fellow in a Sixth Avenue oyster dive? That you went with him to a Bowery concert saloon? That you afterwards followed him to a low resort on—"

"Richard," said Mrs. Balderston rising and regarding him with a sad and indignant glance, "I am afraid you are not yourself. Mr.—, your friend, will excuse me if I ask leave to retire; I am not accustomed—it is late—I—"

At this moment the door opened, and Mrs. Balderston's maid, Marie, entered with the tea tray. As the detective's eye fell upon her, he started; and then a light of comprehension broke over his countenance.

"I see it all now!" he exclaimed. "That is the person you pointed out to me this afternoon. She has been borrowing her mistress's shawl without leave. She has something of the same figure, too! You have made a fool of both of us, sir!"

Balderston uttered a guttural exclamation, tottered back, and dropped into an arm-chair that was luckily in the way to receive him. Marie gazed for a moment at the detective, turned white, let fall the tea tray, turned and fled.

"What does all this mean?" demanded Mrs. Balderston in amazement.

It was an awkward moment.

A BLACK SPOT.

BY LAVINA H. EGAN.

I was lying stretched at full length on the long sofa in the library. It was a drowsy afternoon in spring, and I had been asleep. Even after I awoke, the sweet drowsiness of slumber was on me, and I lay for some time with closed lids in that thoughtless, dreamless state between sleep and waking. Suddenly I became aware of a presence in the room, and opened my eyes expecting to see my aunt. Instead I saw a flash of black before my eyes, a flash that shimmered and quivered like superheated air and disappeared while I was blinking my eyes to see what it all meant, but I was alone in the room. The thing gave me a queer sensation, and I lay quite still for some moments shutting and opening my eyes to see if the black flash reappeared. But it did not; there was only a sort of tired feeling back of my eyes.

"Malaria," I said resignedly, and I went to look for Amelia to get her to make me a lemonade.

I found the little maid watering the flowers down in the paved court. I leaned over the banisters with my face in my palms lazily watching her swab the dusty aloes, her deft little hands glistening like copper where the sun touched their wet brown fingers.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Amelia?" I asked wearily.

"Oh, yes, Mamzelle," said the little maid in her pretty French, as she turned her scared, brown face up to look at me. "Don't you?"

"Of course not," I answered, "but I'm thirsty, Amelia."

Then she flicked the water from her coppery fingers, and went away to mix me the cool drink of lemon and lime juice which no one could make so well.

When the little maid was gone, Aunt Cilla poked her big white kerchiefed head from the kitchen door, and then came totting up the steps.

"You been sleep in de libry, ain't you, honey?" she said when she had waddled quite close to me.

"Yes," I answered wonderingly. "Das a mighty po' place to sleep, chile," she said.

"Why, Aunt Cilla?" I asked.

"Case 'tis," she answered laconically, nodding her head backwards toward Amelia, who was coming up the steps behind her.

"Is Jess tellin' Mamzelle she better mek you git de feather duster and bresh de dust off'n dem bananas and dat palm 'fo' you sprinkles 'em, 'Melia," said the old woman as she waddled away.

"All right, Aunt Cilla," said the little maid, as she left me to my lemonade and to wondering what the old woman meant.

But whatever she meant she would not tell me. For days, in the eagerness of my thoroughly aroused curiosity, I besought the old woman, and finally offered to bribe her if she would tell, till at last the poor old thing threw herself down on her knees at my feet.

"Don't mek me tell you, honey, chile," she said. "Tain't nothin' gwine to hurt you; ef dere was I'd tell you ef it kill me. But 'tain't nothin' 'tall gwine to hurt you, only I done been conjured, an' ef I tell de hoodoo would git me. 'Fo' Gawd das de truth, honey," and there were tears rolling down the old woman's black cheeks.

Of course this served to excite my fancy all the more concerning the shimmering black spot in the library, and in the meantime I had a second experience of it. It was much the same sort of experience as the first, except that I had not been asleep. I simply lay down on the sofa and closed my eyes, opening them suddenly, when the black spot shimmered and danced and was gone.

I had told my aunt upon the first day of our possession, that the house was too worthy to be haunted. I have always wondered why my aunt selected it. It was, in many respects, the least prepossessing of any that the agent showed us, yet to be sure it had a grandeur about it, a sort of stately, stuccoed, Creole grandeur which was altogether charming to our eyes that beheld New Orleans for the first time. But the house was plain and tall and straight and square; there were no quips and cranks about its appearance on the outside, though the interior was all that the most fanciful heart could wish.

I frankly confess that the black spot in the library set me to thinking that romances may be better framed than realized, particularly as I could not speak to my aunt about it. We had come South for her health and it became my constant care to keep her from knowing about the spot.

was attempting to lay on the shelf and striking heavily against the back of the case, opened a secret door therein concealed, and dropped with a sort of broken fall into the niche behind. It is needless to say I lost no time in searching amid the dust and cobwebs of the little closet where I found two small oil pictures and a little plaster bust. With eager hands I brushed the dust from the pictures, and, taking them to the light, found one to be the portrait of a delicate, sweet-faced boy with timid blue eyes and fair hair. Across the back of the canvas was written: "Jean, aged ten years." The other picture was of a lad seemingly fifteen or sixteen years of age, a handsome, black-haired, black-eyed boy whose expression I did not like. The plaster cast was the head of a grinning Faun, so stained and dust covered as to be scarcely recognizable. Beside the dust and grime the Faun was further disfigured by a crack but poorly patched, running entirely around the head, cleaving the right cheek and slanting downward through the mouth, and dashing squarely across the face, so that it splattered both eyes, was a hideous black ink spot.

Here at last was a clue to the mystery, but what it would lead to I could not even conjecture. Was it the shimmering black spot I had seen so often now, which darted across the Faun's face as I set it on the high library mantel between the two portraits? Perhaps it was only a passing shadow, for some one had crossed the threshold.

"Fo' awd, missy, honey, whar-houts you git dem things?" said Aunt Cilla as she entered. "Better put 'em back whar dey come fum, honey, better put 'em back."

By his time the old woman had reached the fireplace, and stood looking up at the pictures.

"Po' 'll Massa Jean," she said carelessly, "po' 'll lamb."

"Who is the other boy, Aunt Cilla?" I asked.

"Dat's Massa Pierre, missy, ol' Marster's older gran'son," the old woman answered hesitatingly.

"Jean's brother?" I asked.

"No, no, missy," she said quickly; "he's 'll Jean's cousin."

"Tell me about them."

"Dere ain't much to tell, missy," she said slowly. "I wish dere was mo'. Dere ain't nothin' 'tall but Jess dat de 'll boys ister to live here wid ol' marster, an' den when ol' marster died, he left everyting to Pierre an' po' 'll Jean nothin'."

"How long ago has that been?" I asked.

"Long ago," the old woman answered; "when de boys was 'll feller, soon after dese pictures was painted."

"And what has become of the boys, Aunt Cilla?"

"De Lawd only knows, honey," she said earnestly. "I wish I did. Massa Pierre he went abroad, an' I 'spec' he's livin' dere yet. It's him you rent de house fum. He's got mo' houses here, too, what de same agent looks arter. But po' 'll Massa Jean, I wish I knowed where he is, po' lamb. I been tryin' all dese years to fin' out. Ef I knowed—"

The old woman paused abruptly.

"If you knew, Aunt Cilla," I suggested, "What then?"

"Nothin', honey; nothin'," remonstrated the old woman hurriedly, and she left off caressing little Jean's picture and left the room.

One day late in summer, with the little Amelia for company, I was walking along a narrow street above Canal, "up town," as we had come to call it, following the fashion of our neighbors. It was hot and sultry, with not a breath of air to stir the dusty leaves that hung limp on the languorous trees. Suddenly, on the hot pavement before me danced the black spot; then waving and skimming it rose and flashed before my eyes, blinding me. I staggered and would have fallen, but the little maid caught me.

A moment later I was on the cool inside of the little shop before which we had been passing and a kind-faced, blue-eyed, white haired old man was bending over me, feeling my pulse.

are me coming round again, and Aunt Cilla was turning my pillows while the little maid fanned me.

"You are much better, mademoiselle, is it not so?" said the old man in his soft French.

"Have I been very ill?" I asked.

"Yes, perhaps, mademoiselle."

"Long?"

"Three weeks."

"And the black spot—do you know about it?" I asked.

"You told me while you were ill," the old man answered. "But it has gone now."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"It is a long story and mademoiselle is weak," he said gently. "A story about two boys, Pierre and Jean, whose portraits you found in the little closet, and about a will that was hidden in the Faun's head and which was not found till that day when you were taken ill."

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC,
FEBRUARY 15.

Box 11000 5:42 Moon rises, 10:00 A. M.
Box 11001 5:16 Full moon, 10:23 P. M.
Length of day 10:24

Last Quarter, Feb. 15th, 11h. 22m., evening, E.
New Moon, Feb. 24th, 7h. 57m., morning, E.
First Quarter, March 3d, 4h. 58m., morning, W.
Full Moon, March 10th, 3h. 17m., evening, E.

THURSDAY, FEB. 15, 1906.

THE TEMPERATURE

Twenty-two degrees above zero was the temperature at THE HERALD office at two o'clock this afternoon.

CITY BRIEFS.

Did you get a valentine?
Winter is well nigh spent.
Oak Castle met last evening.
Meeting of the city council last evening.
February has passed the halfway mark.
Next week will have its share of events.
Some ice is being stored in the houses.
Snow came in time to save the sleighing.
The Guidon for February is an attractive number.
Summer doesn't seem so near as it did a month ago.
If you want to sell coal to the city, present your bid.
The Stratford county superior court is now in session.
20th annual ball of No. 4, Washington's birthday eve.
The man with the snow shovel has another opportunity.
You are indeed fortunate if you have escaped a cold.
A double track to Conway would be a great improvement.
"The Lyndon Bank Mystery" at Music Hall this evening.
The railroads are offering low rates to the South and West.
Washington's birthday will be a reasonably busy holiday.
Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.
The city council has had some very short sessions this year.
St. Valentine received rather unusual honors on Wednesday.
Shepard's pictures are to be again shown in this city next week.
Next Thursday will be the 174th anniversary of Washington's birth.
The appropriation bill has not yet left the hands of its authors.
Clubs and secret orders have certainly made this a busy winter.
Portsmouth will get its next probate court session on March 6.
No. 4's concert and ball Wednesday evening, Feb. 21. The event of the season.
The passage by the Senate of the shipping bill is pleasing to Portsmouth.
A party from this city will attend the meeting of Kittery Grange this evening.
The pussy willows, mayflowers, crocuses and lilac buds seem to have disappeared.
Interest in the prisoners in Portsmouth jail has not decreased to a great degree.
Baseball practice, in which some of the youngsters were indulging, will now be deferred.
Leadens skies have been more characteristic of February than of January or December.
You have a few days in which to return the compliment of the friend who sent you a valentine.
Next Thursday will be the first holiday of the year. There will not be another until Fast day.
Winter is so far advanced that cold weather and storms have lost some of their power to make afraid.
To feel strong, have good appetite and digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life, use Burdock Blood Bitters, the great system tonic and builder.
The city council meetings now attract few spectators, the public relying on its morning paper for a report of the doings.

GOUIN'S BROTHER IN TOWN

Peter Gouin, brother of Joseph Gouin, was in this city today.

FLASHED A KNIFE

Angry Italian Threatened A Countryman

WAS DOCKED FIFTEEN CENTS IN HIS PAY

One of the Italian bosses at Freeman's Point called at the police station on Wednesday evening and in a frightened manner told the officers that one of his workmen had threatened his life. He wanted the police to look after the man.

The boss said that on Wednesday evening, the men were paid and on his way home one of his crew got after the boss with a knife. It seems that the man who flashed the weapon had been docked fifteen cents and wanted to cut the heart out of his boss on that account.

The foreman took it on the hot foot, while some of the other workmen held the man with the knife. The police went over to The Point on Wednesday evening and this (Thursday) morning to arrest the man who wanted to do the cutting but, as usual the bird had flown and nobody knew anything about the matter.

PORTLAND'S ATHLETES

Men Who Will Compete Next Wednesday In This City

The athletic team of the Portland Young Men's Christian Association which will come to this city next Wednesday evening will be made up as follows:

L. G. Chase, captain; S. O. Hanscome, P. N. Grover, C. E. Hill, E. H. Thompson, J. S. Hooper, F. R. Perkins and Bassett Perkins. C. L. Knight will be substitute.

Several of the visitors will remain over Washington's birthday as guests of the Portsmouth athletes.

The events will be hop, skip and jump, running high jump, fifteen yard dash, potato race and a basketball game. The Portsmouth men who will compete in the events, aside from the basketball game, have not yet been selected. The basketball team will be made up as follows: George Jameson and Chester A. Caswell, forwards; James Jameson, center; George A. Casey, captain, and Frank Bishop, backs.

The Portland Advertiser has this to say about the meet:

"This meet was promised by the Portland men three years ago, but various difficulties have arisen every year until now whereby postponements have been the rule.

"The two associations have never held a joint meet hitherto and the New Hampshire boys are likely to make it interesting for the Portlanders.

"There has been no basketball team at the local gym this season and the boys realize that their team play will not be of a high order during the visit but they have played for years and will not worry over the outcome as they think they have some show to win at that."

SECOND ASSEMBLY

In The Series of Country Club Events

The second in the series of dancing assemblies for members of the Portsmouth Country Club was held on Wednesday evening in Peirce Hall. It was a very enjoyable party and despite the storm a majority of the members of the club attended.

The music was provided by Whitman's orchestra of Haverhill, Mass., and was keenly enjoyed by the dancers.

The assemblies now being held are designed for the entertainment of the members of the club during the season when sport on the links and tennis courts is impossible. The committee in charge has arranged an interesting series of events.

AT RECHABITE HALL

Apron and Necktie Party Given by A. A. Club

The apron and necktie party given on Wednesday evening at Rechabite Hall under the auspices of the A. A. Club was one of the most enjoyable social functions held by any organization at that hall so far this season. The club is composed of young ladies and they proved on Wednesday

A. Piano

Purchased at our store means that you have patronized the oldest and most reliable establishment of its kind in the city, and have chosen your Piano from the largest stock of the Best Grade Pianos on sale here. Notice this list:

CHICKERING, EMERSON, PACKARD, GRAMER, HOWARD, and ERNEST A. TONK

Every Instrument Fully Warranted.

H. P. Montgomery,
Opposite Postoffice.

evening that they are royal entertainers.

At nine o'clock, a march line was formed and the gentlemen with ties corresponding to the aprons of the ladies took their partners and passed through the graceful evolutions led by John Sheehan and Miss Nellie Keefe. The circle followed, with sixteen dance numbers.

Horace L. Rowe, in his usual finished style, furnished music and his part of the work was strictly up to date.

The hall was tastefully decorated with red and green, the artistic work of the club members. During intermission, the guests were served with ice cream, cake and coffee.

The committee comprised all the members and they perfected arrangements that afforded keen pleasure to all who attended.

The members of the club are Alice Fagan, Teresa Leary, Mary Sullivan, Nellie Keefe, Katherine O'Leary, Annie Scott, Lena Kilroe and Josie Lyons.

HIS THIRTY-EIGHTH

The Corner Grocer Observes Anniversary in Fitting Manner

One of the most elaborate game feasts that has been held for some time took place on Wednesday evening.

It was "Jack" Young's thirty-eighth birthday and that was the occasion for the gathering of his friends, who never say "no" when it comes to a feast of this kind.

Jack has always celebrated the anniversary, but the thirty-eighth capped the climax and he certainly did the honors with credit to himself. The feast was given at his summer cottage at Wallis Sands and it is safe to say that nothing like it was ever served in that section of the New Hampshire sea coast.

Everything was ready and steaming when the guests arrived and everybody responded to the toast, "The Corner Grocer."

The guests were James Harvey, Fred Newton, J. Mooney, Herbert Canney, E. H. Libby, J. Casner, H. P. Payne, Chris Smart, Wallace G. Campbell, Joseph Hoxie, Leon E. Scruton, Valentine Hett, W. H. Kilburn, J. Noble, Luke Woodbury and visitors from Boston.

The host was at his best and all who made the trip to Wallis Sands were well paid for the ride and hope to be on hand when the genial "Jack" celebrates his thirty-ninth.

WILL SEE THE BOUT

Local Sports Going to Biddeford for Cote-Goodman Match

Local sports to a large number will go to Biddeford to witness the Goodman-Cote bout, which comes off in that city tomorrow (Friday) night. The exhibition promises to be a lively one and the local men have plenty of stuff with which they will back Goodman to win.

The indications are that the go will be witnessed by a large gathering of the sporting fraternity from all over New England.

IS INVESTIGATING

Inspector Flood Securing Samples of Liquors Sold Here

Inspector Flood has been in town for a few days and during his visit has called on several of the liquor dealers and taken samples of the goods that go over the bar. These he will turn over to the state chemist for analysis.

It is understood that the inspector will not cover the city at one time, but will take back to Concord a sample of the goods each time he comes until he has completed the work.

INSPECTED GARRISON

Col Stewart, U. S. A., of this artillery district inspected the garrison of Fort Constitution, New Castle, on Wednesday.

AT FREEMAN'S HALL

St. Valentine's Day Pleasantly Observed

PARTY UNDER AUSPICES OF CHRIST CHURCH

The valentine party in Freeman's Hall on Wednesday evening, under the auspices of Christ Church, was one of the pleasantest observances in this city of the day dedicated to the genial saint. The attendance was very large and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed.

The concert given by the choir of the church was excellent. Especially pleasing were the old English glees, never before heard in this city. These were sung spiritedly and gave to the occasion something of the atmosphere of a festival celebration in the mother country. The glees were enthusiastically applauded and it was necessary to repeat them.

After nine o'clock, dancing was enjoyed, the dance orders being handsome valentine favors.

Throughout the evening, home-made candy, ice cream and ante-con-ante were sold from daintily decorated tables were busy all of the time supplying the wants of their patrons.

PERSONALS.

Sheriff Marcus M. Collis was in Dover on Wednesday.

Attorney John W. Kelley passed Wednesday in Concord.

Hon. Henry C. Morrison spoke before the Short Falls Grange this week.

Harry Wood of Arlington, Mass. returned home on Wednesday afternoon after a brief visit to his brother Burpee Wood.

"Joe" Daniels and W. B. Mathes of Portsmouth were in town last night on business connected with the New England Order of Protection—Concord Monitor Wednesday.

Conductor Jeremiah Goodwin is off his run on the North Conway train, owing to illness and Conductor George Hobbs of the Dover branch is running his train. Conductor C. B. Remick is filling the place of Mr. Hobbs.

Charles Dean, a former employee of the George W. Armstrong Dining Room and News Company at the railroad station, cafe in this city, has been appointed assistant manager for the company at the cafe in the north union station, Boston, to fill the place of Edward Graham, who has been appointed manager at Portland in place of the late Thomas Mulcahy.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Mary Hett

The death occurred half an hour after midnight this (Thursday) morning at her home on Maplewood avenue of Mrs. Mary Hett, at the age of forty-two years, eleven months and twenty-three days.

Mrs. Hett was the wife of Former Alderman August Hett. She was a native of Prussia, but had lived in this city for years. Her illness was of several weeks' duration and her condition had been critical for several days.

She was a woman who enjoyed the respect of all who knew her and the sympathy of a large circle of friends is extended to the bereaved family.

Mrs. Hett is survived by her husband and by six daughters.

Mrs. Abbie F. Mills

Mrs. Abbie F. Mills, widow of Simon H. Mills died at her home on Maplewood avenue on Wednesday afternoon at the age of sixty-six years, four months and five days.

THE CITY COUNCIL

Principal Business Of Last Evening

WAS GRANTING OF LICENSE FOR BOXING EXHIBITION

The city council held another record breaking session on Wednesday evening. It was all over in fifteen minutes, and the principal business transacted was the granting of a license to hold a boxing exhibition to the Eureka Athletic Club.

No resignations of city officials were received.

The meeting was called to order at 7:47 p. m. with all present except Councilmen Colbeth and Boynton.

Minor Petition

Permission to enter a drain into the sewer on Market street from the house of G. Marselle, 17 Russell street, was granted.

To Hold Boxing Exhibition

A communication from the Eureka Athletic Club, F. Churchill president and F. I. Woods secretary, asking for permission to conduct a boxing exhibition in this city at some future date was read.

Councilman Whitman moved that it be granted.

Councilman Seymour asked if it would not conflict with the laws of the state.

"A boxing exhibition" would not conflict with the laws," replied Mayor Marvin, smiling. "The question of what a 'boxing exhibition' is is another matter."

Councilman Whitman said the police usually attended these affairs, and could stop them if any brutality were manifested.

The council then voted unanimously to grant the license.

Bids For Coal

Councilman Cullen presented a motion, which passed, authorizing the mayor to call for bids to furnish 100 tons of coal for the several departments; the bids to be opened Tuesday, Feb. 20; preference to be given firms employing union men and paying the union scale of wages; and the bids to be read at the next meeting of the city council.

City Auditor's Report

The city auditor being absent, having been drawn for jury duty at Concord, his report was read by the mayor, and the bills included, on motion of Councilman Trueman, ordered paid.

Adjournment

Mayor Marvin stated that the amount of business coming up being so small, he had thought of suggesting a fortnight's adjournment, but the necessity of placing the coal order made it inexpedient.

"Could we adjourn, if we wished, for two weeks?" asked Councilman Long.

"Certainly," said the mayor. On motion of Councilman Cullen, the council then adjourned for one week, or until Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 7:30 p. m.

GREAT LOSS REPORTED

Three Hundred Swine Said to Have Died at Greenland Piggery

Since the establishment of the piggery by a Chelsea firm at Greenland, near the Boston and Maine tracks, it is understood that nearly three hundred hogs have died on the hands of the owners. People who have visited the place of late say that if the swine had been properly cared for there would have been no loss, that the piggery is not properly built and that the necessary care is not given the animals, especially at this time of year.

If there has been such a loss, it seems as if Agent Weston of the New Hampshire Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should be informed and the matter looked into by that organization.

DOVER INDICTMENTS

Three That Are of Interest to People of This City

Among the indictments returned by the Stratford county grand jury on Wednesday were two against Elmore and Rose Grenier. The former is charged with aiding John Rogers, formerly of this city, to escape from Dover jail on Jan. 21. The woman is accused of also aiding in the escape by conveying a steel saw to Rogers on Jan. 17.

John Pixley of Portsmouth was indicted for the larceny of a horse and team from W. H. Davis on Dec. 27 of last year.

PORT OF PORTSMOUTH

Arrivals At And Departures From Our Harbor

Feb. 14.
Arrived

United States tug Sioux, Olsen, Rockland, Me., via Thatcher's Island, Mass. (arrived 2 p. m.)
Cleared

Barge Bethayres, Philadelphia (and towed to lower harbor this noon by tug Piscataqua).

Sailed

Tug Georges Creek, Svendsen, Baltimore, towing barge Number Seventeen, at 1 p. m. Calls at Boston for other barges.

Notes

Tug Portland was so sail this morning for Bath with the disabled four masted schooner Alice E. Clark in tow for repairs, but weather conditions prevented her departure.

The failure of the Hudson River ice crop has proved a boon to coastwise vessels this winter, for a large part of New York's ice, which is usually harvested on the Hudson, is being shipped there from Maine ports. Many of the large schooners are able to secure return freights of ice after discharging at the Northern coal ports, instead of going out light as is usual at this season.

PORTRAIT OF DARTMOUTH TRUSTEE

The New Hampshire Historical Society has received from Maj. Henry McFarland a framed photograph of his grandfather, Rev. Asa McFarland, a trustee of Dartmouth College from 1809 to 1822 and pastor of the Concord First Church from 1793 to 1825. The picture is a copy of that at Dartmouth, an enlarged copy of the portrait of Samuel F. B. Morse made by U. D. Tenney of this city.

MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

The next regular meeting of the Ministerial Association will be held at the Baptist Annex at half-past ten o'clock, Monday morning. There will be a paper by Rev. H. H. Hamilton; subject, "Music in Sunday Schools."

A lazy liver leads to chronic dyspepsia and constipation—weakens the whole system. Doan's Regulents (25 cents per box) correct the liver, tone the stomach, cure constipation.

Horse Shoeing

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FOR SALE—Farm, 20 acres, will keep 4 cows and horse; 6 room house, cistern, never failing well, barn 32x36 shed 21x36.

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Is in need of a Suit to carry him through to Spring now is the time to save money

Our Knee Suits have been reduced in price as follows:

\$3.00 Suits now	\$2.45	A BROKEN LOT OF SUITS.
4.00 " "	2.95	\$2.00 Suits now
5.00 " "	3.95	3.00 " "
6.00 " "	4.45	4.00 " "
7.50 " "	5.45	5.00 " "

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